

COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION

THE CHICAGO SUN

ACTION  
Mystery  
ADVENTURE

SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1944

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DRUMM ALLEY -- CENTRAL CITY'S MOST SINISTER SPOT -- AND A STRANGELY FURNISHED PARLOR ...

DR. PEROO! THEY SAY YOU CLAIM STRANGE POWERS! THAT YOU CAN EVEN MAKE LOVE GROW IN A COLD HEART!

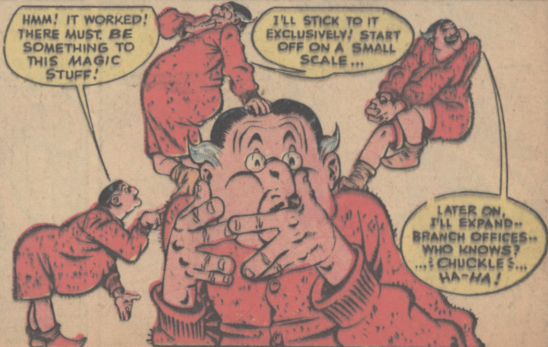
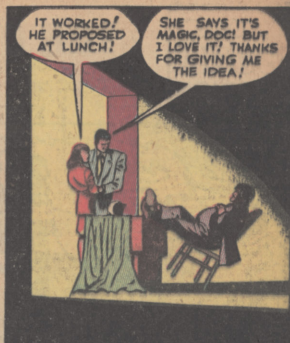
LOVE CHARMS COST FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE!

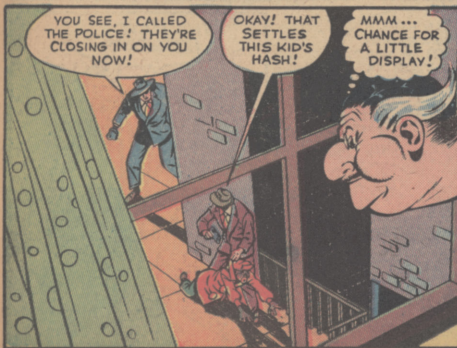




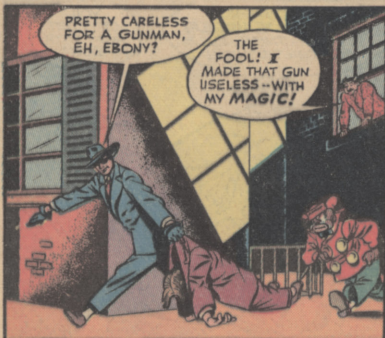
WEB COMIC  
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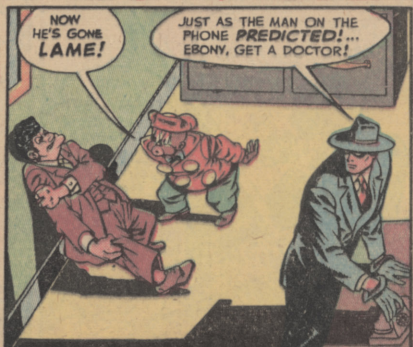
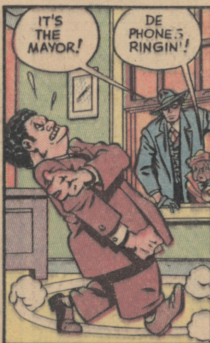
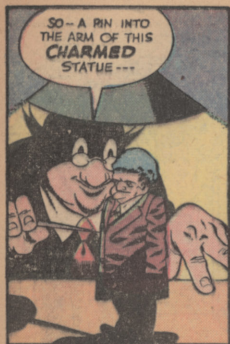




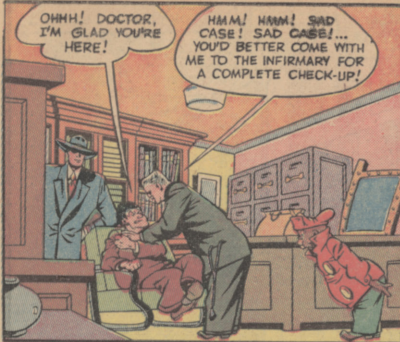




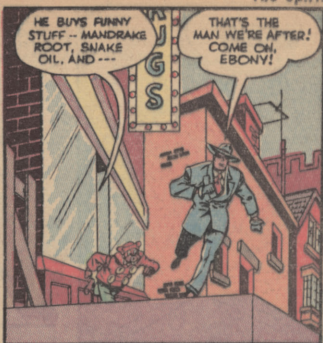




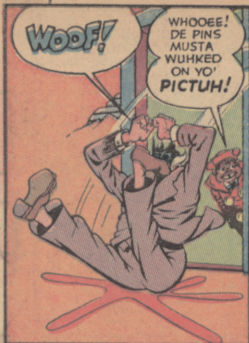












WHOOEE!  
DE PINS  
MUSTA  
WUHKED  
ON YO'  
PICTUH!



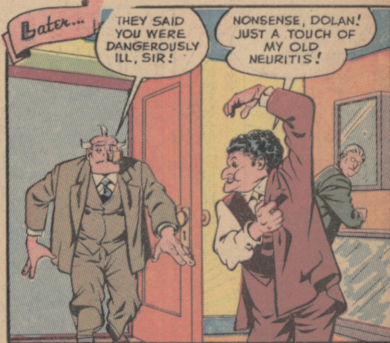
MAGIC,  
IS IT?



I'LL PUT THE  
**TRIPLE  
BLACK  
CURSE**  
ON YOU FOR  
THIS!



MAGIC, MY EYE! HE'S  
JUST A COMMON,  
GARDEN-VARIETY  
PITCHMAN!



NONSENSE, DOLAN!  
JUST A TOUCH OF  
MY OLD  
NEURITIS!

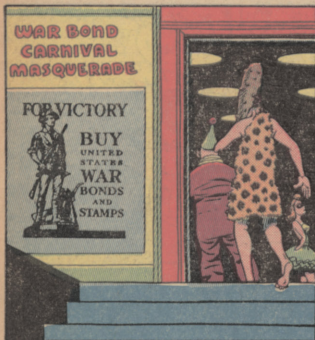
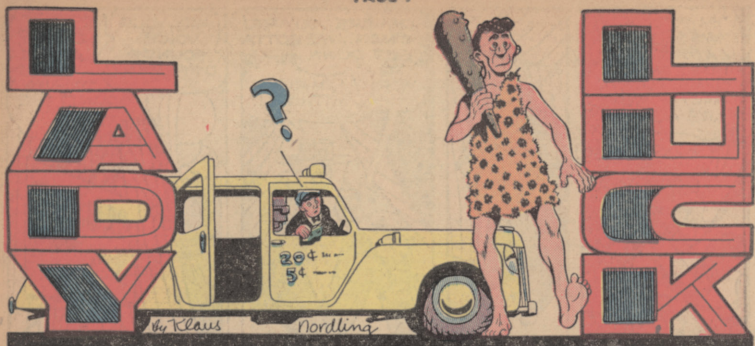


SOMEBODY'S  
LIVELY  
IMAGINATION,  
NO DOUBT!

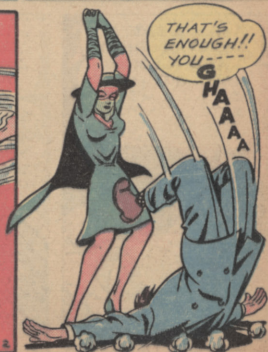
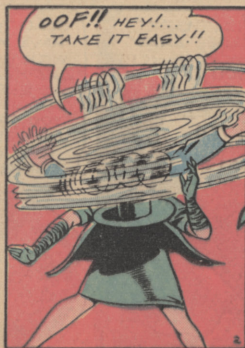


IF DAT'S SO,  
WHY CAN'T HE  
MAGIC HISSELF  
OUT OF JAIL?

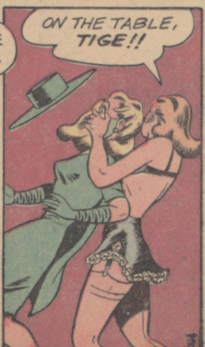














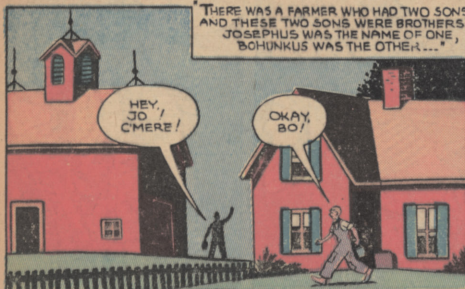




# MR. MYSTIC

BY  
PVT. FRED  
GUARDINEER

"THERE WAS A FARMER WHO HAD TWO SONS  
AND THESE TWO SONS WERE BROTHERS.  
JOSEPHUS WAS THE NAME OF ONE,  
BOHUNKUS WAS THE OTHER..."



HEY,  
JO!  
C'MERE!

OKAY,  
BO!

I'M GETTING TIRED OF  
WORKING TH' FARM FOR A  
LIVING, JO! I THINK WE  
COULD MAKE MORE DOUGH  
IF WE JUST WENT OUT AND  
TOOK IT AWAY FROM THE  
SUCKERS WHO HAVE IT!

YA  
MEAN  
WE SHOULD  
BECOME  
CROOKS,  
BO?



YEAH! ALL WE'D HAVE TO  
DO IS MAKE A PILE OF MONEY  
QUICK-LIKE AND THEN WE  
COULD LAY LOW AND  
RETIRE!

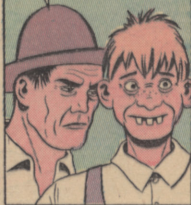
BUT CRIME  
DOESN'T PAY! IF  
THE COPS DON'T  
CATCH YA, MYSTIC  
WILL!

I GOTTA PLAN  
THAT WILL FOOL  
EVEN THAT  
MIDDLE-SOME  
MAGICIAN!

YEAH?!  
WHAT?!

YA HEARD OF THE  
GOOSE THAT  
LAID THE GOLDEN  
EGGS? WELL...  
LISTEN TO THIS...  
BZZ... BZZ... BZZ...

GEE!  
SOUNDS GOOD!  
COUNT ME IN,  
BO!



FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS BOHUNKUS AND  
JOSEPHUS CONFINED THEIR LABORS TO STRANGE  
DOINGS IN A MAKESHIFT LABORATORY...



BOY! WON'T OUR  
CUSTOMERS BE SURPRISED  
WHEN THEY OPEN  
UP THESE EGGS?

YUK!  
YUK!  
YUK!

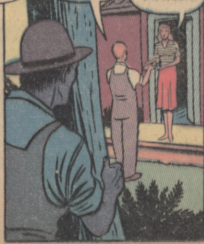
EVERYTHING'S ALL SET!  
WE'LL MAKE A LIST OF ALL  
OUR EGG CUSTOMERS AND  
SOON WE CAN GO TO  
WORK! WHATEVER  
YOU DO, DON'T DROP  
ANY EGGS!

YEAH!  
YEAH!  
I'LL START  
DELIVERIN'EM  
IN TOWN AS  
USUAL!

NEXT DAY...

HERE ARE  
YOUR EGGS,  
MRS.  
FREEL!

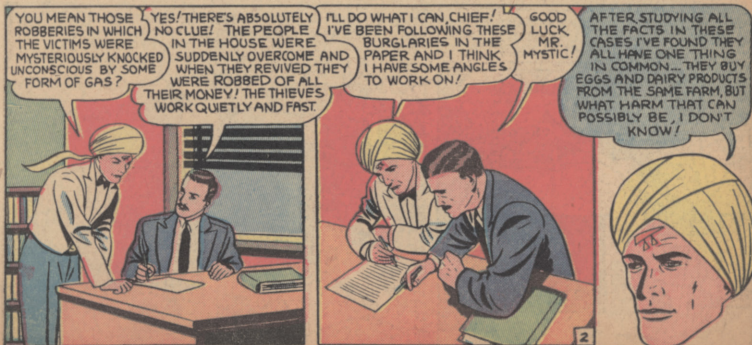
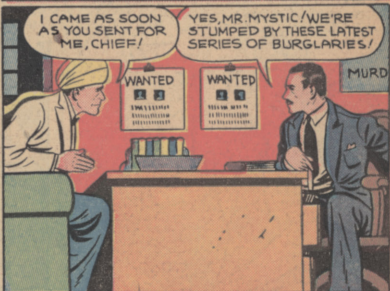
THANK  
YOU!  
WE'LL  
HAVE 'EM  
RIGHT  
AWAY FOR  
DINNER!



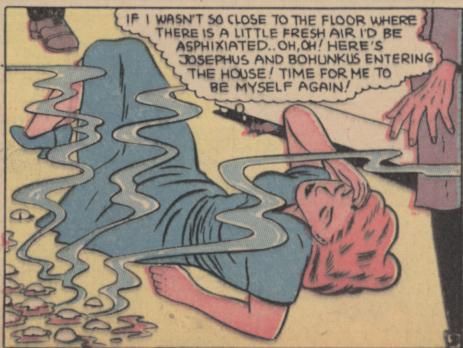
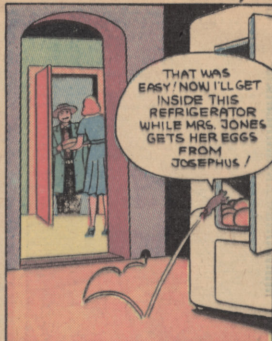
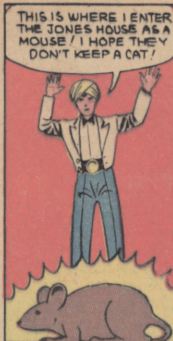




SEVERAL DAYS LATER MR MYSTIC ARRIVES AT THE POLICE STATION...









WE GOT THOSE EGGS BY FEEDING OUR HENS  
THE INGREDIENTS OF KNOCKOUT POWDERS SO THAT  
THEY LAYED EGGS CONTAINING KNOCKOUT GAS!  
WHEN THE SHELL WAS BROKEN... POOF!.. EVERY-  
ONE WAS KAYOED FOR A WHILE PERMITTING  
US TO ROB THE HOUSE. THE EGGS LOOKED PER-  
FECTLY NORMAL AND NO ONE SUSPECTED THEY  
CONTAINED THE GAS UNTIL YOU GOT ON THE  
JOB. IT SURE WORKED SWELL WHILE IT  
LASTED... BUT I GUESS CRIME  
DOESN'T PAY NOHOW!

